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The Highlander, February 1913

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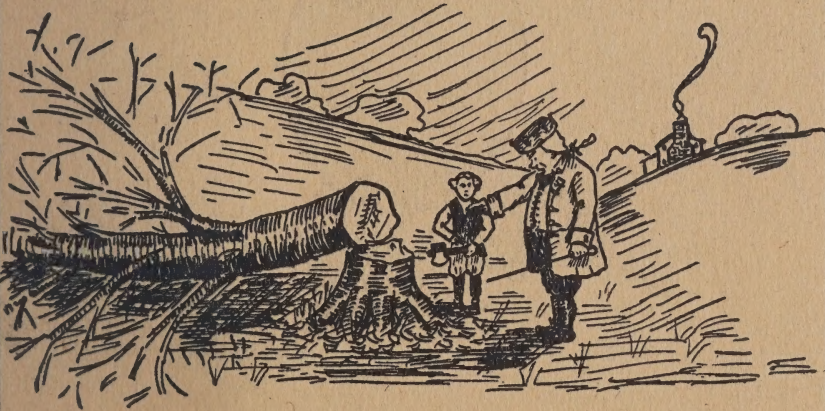
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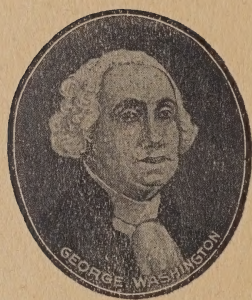
The Highlander



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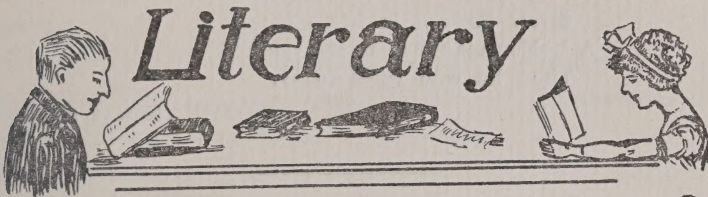
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THE HIGHLANDER

Vol. 1.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1913.

No. 2.



BEAN'S

"Locke Craig"

(Inaugurated Governor of North Carolina, January 15, 1913.)

O boundless is the sacred joy
Within the Old North State.
Our minds with praise we now employ
To consecrate this date;
For God has given us a "Man"
To battle in the nation's fray:
Let gladness reign thro'out the land,
For Locke Craig rules today.

Let north and south and east and west
Unite to praise his name;
Let friend and foe alike confess
This man's untarnished fame.
Let party spirit disappear,
Let pessimists be gay;
Let gladness banish every fear,
For Locke Craig rules today.

Let dear old Buncombe loudly claim
Her most illustrious son.
Though Alpine glories shield his name,
We share in every one.
So let us therefore watch with pride
Her son of whitest clay;
Let confidence and trust abide,
For Locke Craig rules today.

Let politicians speak with pride
Of him who stands before us.
This man would never step aside
When danger's hanging o'er us.
So let us all with joy unfeigned
Strew flowers in his way:
A nobler man has never reigned
Than he who rules today.

WILLIAM THOMAS KEENER.

Christmas, 1776

AS the winter of 1776 drew near its close, it found the conditions of the two opposing armies in the Revolutionary War noticeably unlike. The British, elated with their recent victories at Forts Lee and Washington, were comfortable and self-confident. General Washington, on the other hand, had a scant supply of troops who were unhappy and discouraged, many threatening to return home as soon as their time expired. His position was truly difficult. Oppressed by the complaints of people who imagined the great loss at Fort Lee was due to bad management on his part, he was for a while undecided as to his immediate course of action. Because of the disobedience of Lee, who had command of 7,000 men at Northcastle, he was forced to retreat through New Jersey, where he found himself on the twenty-fifth of December, unexpectedly supplied with over 3,000 men who had been under Lee until the latter's recent capture.

All Christmas day Washington was busy in the American camp, which was pitched on the western Delaware coast, opposite Trenton. After a careful investigation as to the whereabouts of the British and their condition, he came to a

sudden resolution. That very night he intended to surprise the few Hessians stationed in Trenton. The principal British generals, thinking the business of the war was ended, had gone to New York to attend the Christmas festivities.

Having once resolved on a plan of action, Washington began his preparations, encouraged his troops and ordered that the camp fires be kept bright and glowing.

An hour after dusk on Christmas night he called his troops to him.

"My brave comrades," he began, "for the sturdiest of you tonight I have a dangerous task. Across the river our enemies are engaged in pleasure and gayety, thinking the condition of the river a sufficient guard for their safety. Now is our chance. I have boats supplied to take us across the river, even though it is blocked with ice. I realize the danger, but we *will not fail!* Once across, they are our captives. But before we go in a body a single scout must be sent, who shall make the immediate condition there certain to us. Which of you will volunteer?"

Each of the men instinctively realized the danger of such a perilous journey alone. Each was devoted to his commander and there were few who would not have gladly followed him anywhere.

After only a moment's hesitation there stepped from the ranks a tall, handsome fellow, who requested the risking of the journey for himself. Washington rewarded his bravery with a few words of good-will, and then began preparations for his departure.

In a few moments the scout was off, making his way as best he could. The bitter cold of the night and the huge floating blocks of ice were indeed enough to keep the bravest

from attempting a crossing. But Jack Wells was glad to do any act of loyalty to his commander, no matter how difficult. The few lights of Trenton, gleaming over the ice and snow, served as a safe guide for him. Only the monotonous hiss of the moving ice and water mingled with faint sounds of music and laughter from the opposite shore, could be heard.

Making sure once more of his flint and steel and his lantern with which he was to signal, Jack, by a few more strokes, touched shore, fastened his boat and noiselessly jumped out. Taking his lantern, he crept up the beach until he reached the street. This end seemed void of any life whatever, but further up the inmates of a large and brilliantly lighted mansion were making merry and celebrating Christmas night with a ball.

Jack kept close to the buildings and stealthily passed down the street toward the mansion. After fifteen minutes he reached the large stone wall which surrounded the mansion. In one corner of the wall he nearly stumbled over a huddled, sleeping figure, which proved on closer examination to be a drunken Hessian soldier. There was no one else in sight, so he felt at liberty to take a peep through the huge iron gate. Some distance away he distinguished the forms of five or six soldiers as they paced back and forth in front of the house. The strains of a waltz drifted out to him and once he caught a glimpse of a big rough-looking Hessian and a tall stately dame as they glided past the window.

Finally, satisfied that everything was favorable for Washington's attack, Jack turned away and started to retrace his way to the beach. He had not gone more than twenty feet when he fancied he heard a stealthy footstep behind him. Turning quickly, he peered into the darkness. There was no one to be seen. However, to make sure he went back a few

steps, looking into each nook and alley, but he was unable to find anyone.

A trifle alarmed he resumed his way to the beach. With the aid of the flint and steel he managed to light his lantern and climbed with difficulty a slight rise of land from which he was to signal. He was glad of the exercise to warm himself and swung the lantern vigorously back and forth.

Without warning a bullet whizzed by his ear. Hastily dropping the lantern Jack took one backward glance at the indistinct forms of his pursuers and swiftly started running toward the street, dodging trees and bushes. His pursuers with many loud curses and exclamations followed. Breathless and with a half-formed plan, Jack darted down the street. The mansion gate was ajar, probably left so by his pursuers whom he imagined were a part of those Hessians he had seen guarding the house. In he dashed and swiftly circled up to the house.

* * * * *

General Winstone stroked his beard with satisfaction as he stood by a window of the ball room and gazed across the river. The brilliant camp fires of the enemy plainly testified that Washington did not intend an attack that night at any rate. Winstone and his troops had been given this ball by a wealthy resident of Trenton who had only lately arrived from England, and the monotony of the winter was thus pleasantly forgotten.

Smiling with anticipation he went in search of his partner for the next figure, who was the daughter of the host.

"What a night," he thought, as he danced. "No one person could get across the river, much less Washington and his troops. We are certainly safe."

He surveyed the crowd of gay dancers in a room made

brilliant by the numerous tall brass candelabra. His partner, a small, dark beauty, won many compliments and many approving glances. However, the General soon noticed she was ignorant of them all, and wore a dissatisfied frown on her usually smooth forehead.

General Winstone had lately seen this girl very frequently and her bewitching personality had had a strong effect upon him. He was rather proud of his good looks and felt sure that this girl whom he so desired, would be only too glad to receive any attention from him.

Imagining her frown was due to fatigue he suggested retreating into the library, which was then unoccupied. Rose allowed herself to be guided through the crowd and into the library. She really was not tired, but weary of this gathering of Britishers. Since she and her father had arrived from England she had become an enthusiastic admirer of Washington and a loyal American. Her father, however, still held to his old views and remained an upholder of the British side. It was for this reason that she was not enjoying herself, her thoughts constantly turning in sympathy to the soldiers on the opposite shore.

"Why that frown, Miss Vance?" the General inquired when they were alone; bending over her a trifle too affectedly.

"Oh, I'm rather tired," Rose answered, untruthfully. "I have danced so—"

"What you need is an ice. If you will wait just a moment I will get one," and the General excused himself from the room.

He had hardly gotten out of the door when Rose jumped up hastily from her chair and with difficulty stifled a frightened cry, for there in front of her stood a tall soldier, whom she at once saw was an American. He was breathing quickly

and heavily, and now came toward her. He seemed to have dropped from the clouds, so sudden was his appearance, and Rose was some moments collecting her wits.

"I was hiding behind the curtain when you came in," he explained, "and feared to move while that Britisher was in the room. You can see I am an American and if caught I will be done for. I was signaling to Washington when some of your soldiers discovered me and ran after me. I came in this house because I knew they would least suspect me of being here than anywhere else in town. They are probably now looking for me on the streets. I—"

"But they are *not* some of 'my' soldiers," cried Rose, stamping her tiny foot," for I have nothing to do with them. I despise them all. Oh, I do think your Washington is wonderful! He—oh, hurry; here comes General Winstone with the ice! Quick, get in here," and she pushed him into a small closet at one end of the room just in time to receive the General as he came in.

She concealed her feelings as best she could, but General Winstone did not fail to detect a slight agitation in her manner which had not been evident before. However, he supposed she was aware of his intention to propose to her and was therefore somewhat nervous. But he became rather suspicious when she suggested that they go into the adjoining room.

"Why not stay here?" he asked. "I'm sure there will be no disturbance. But," and his tone changed, "all this is not important. What I brought you in here for—"

"It's merely a whim," interrupted Rose. "So let's go in there. You once told me you lived only to obey my slightest whim. Have you changed your mind?"

The General hastily assured her that he had not and fol-

lowed her into the next room, taking care to see that the door between the two rooms was not entirely closed. With part of his attention centered on the next room he began his proposal. Rose endured it all until he suddenly bent to kiss her. Disgusted she could not help giving him a sharp tap on the cheek with her fan. Furious, the General merely stared at her a moment.

At that very moment he caught sight of a figure in the next room trying to noiselessly open a window. With a bound he was in the room, drawing his sword as he went.

His real nature became evident when he turned to Rose with an ugly expression and said, "My dear young lady, what do you mean by protecting an American spy? You little traitress."

Jack had to acknowledge himself a spy. There was only one hope left and that was that Washington would arrive in a few minutes. He fancied that he heard the faint tramp of feet even now and bent toward the window to see if the army was in sight. Yes, surely that dark moving mass was the army! Jack's heart leapt.

In the very act of attacking, General Winstone's attention was drawn to the loud exclamations in the ballroom. The music had suddenly ended with a crash. Dropping the sword the General stepped to the door, only to be met by an American soldier who proceeded to proclaim him captive.

Washington had indeed planned well. The signal made by Jack Wells was recognized and the American troops had immediately set out, encountering much difficulty in crossing the river amid the immense blocks of ice. Making as little noise as possible they had reached the house, overcome the few guards stationed outside, surprised the dancers and captured them.

The face of General Winstone was white with rage as he stood closely held by two sturdy Americans. The thought of what all this meant to him filled him with fear. Washington's face showed no sign of elation—his expression being as calm as ever.

The whole matter resulted in the conversion of Rose's father into a loyal and enthusiastic upholder of America's rights—in fact, an ideal American. Jack Wells' reward was given a few years later when Rose willingly placed her future happiness into his care.

LOUISE JACKSON, '14.

A Tramp to the Catalooch

THE sun struggled desperately to pierce the heavy fog, which hung low over a little town far back in the Smokies, as a party of four started on a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Catalooch. Charles Thompson, Spain Thornton, Spencer Cummings, and John Mason were all possessed of a pleasure loving disposition and were always full of life and fun. Nothing pleased them more than to take a tramp or to break the monotony of every day life, by spending a few days in the mountains. Such was the party which started early one morning during the latter part of August on a pleasure trip for a few days.

After proceeding for a mile down the railroad track they came to the road which led over the mountain to the valley of the Catalooch. At the store, at the foot of the mountain, they procured their last articles for the trip and started on. A fishing pole carried by one of the boys attracted the attention of a bystander.

"Where have you boys started?" he asked.

"On a trip to Catalooch," answered Charles.

"Better be careful how you fish over there, unless you get permission from old Mitch Sutton, the gamewarden," said the spokesman.

"We'll see him about that when we get over there," said John, who had started on in advance.

"You might be able to see him sooner if you would walk pretty fast. He has not been gone from here more than half an hour, and he has his team with him. He has got a load of shingles, and he won't be in a hurry to get to the top of the mountain. You might be able to get him to carry your packs for you. Fourteen miles is no short distance to carry what you have on your backs, especially when nine of it is up the side of the mountain."

Acting on this advice the boys started at a somewhat brisker pace than they had been going. On they labored up the mountain, sometimes going straight up its side rather than go around the road. After half an hour they met a wagoner, who replied to their hasty question that Mitch Sutton was not more than half a mile in advance. Encouraged at this news the boys again increased their pace, John and Spencer taking the lead. By this time the mist was left below in the valley, and the sun's rays were now free to beat upon the travelers at will. Large drops of perspiration collected on their foreheads and ran in courses down their cheeks and dropped to the ground. Fifteen minutes of this exertion elapsed before a wagon, loaded with shingles, was sighted, as the boys in advance rounded a bend in the road. The team stood under the shade of a walnut tree, while the driver leaned against the trunk of the tree, conversing with another man. The driver of course was Mitch Sutton.

He was a large man, robust and muscular. His face was round and full, his eyes bright. Owing to the fact that he

had spent his life in the very midst of nature, free from the business cares and troubles of city life, his face was not furrowed by wrinkles, nor did his face express the crabbed and selfish look of the man whose life is marked by the controversies and disasters of a business life in the city. True to his surroundings his face was as clear as an open book, and expressed the frank, generous, and kind disposition of a man reared by nature.

After a short conversation he agreed to take their packs, and also to let them use a tent, which he kept for such visitors. The remainder of the trip was very slow to the top of the mountain, so the boys often walked on in advance of the wagon and then waited for it to come up. At noon the boys ate a lunch, after which they proceeded to the gap of the mountain and there waited for the wagon to arrive before descending into the valley beyond.

The descent was much faster than the ascent, the whole distance being covered in three-quarters of an hour. But even this did not pass without a very lucky coincident. Charles and Spencer, who walked a few yards in advance of the wagon suddenly halted, and Charles began to beat in the grass with a stick which he carried. Mitch recognized the disturbance and jumped from the wagon, grasped a rock and hurled it to the ground. By this time Spain and John had arrived to see the only spoils of our trip in the line of rattle snakes. The snake killed was about three and a half feet long, had fourteen rattles and a button. With the consent of Charles, Spain took the rattles and Spencer the skin. Without further incident they arrived at their halting place, there to confront another difficulty.

Contrary to their expectations they found that they could not get the tent for the first night, as another party occupied it and would not leave until the following day.

"What shall we do?" said Spencer, who was somewhat uneasy at their prospects for the night.

"Camp in the open," answered Spain.

"But where?" inquired Spencer, "I don't see any place."

"That's just what we are going to find now," said Charles, as he started up one side of the small stream.

After half an hour's search they decided to make their camp under a large hemlock tree, which stood in the center of a level place on the bank of the stream.

"Just the place for a camp," said John, as he viewed the surroundings. "There's a spring, and just beyond it is a dead tree, which will do for wood."

All four boys worked hard, and in the course of an hour a comfortable camp was prepared. A fire burned near the spring, and the boys were busily employed, preparing their first meal. All but Charles helped at this task. While the rest prepared supper he tried his hand at fishing, and astonished the others by bringing back two large fish.

"Boys," said he, "the stream is just full of them. We ought to be able to catch enough to supply us with food all the time we are here."

After supper a large bonfire was built around which the boys sat laughing, talking, telling anecdotes, and singing until late in the night.

As the first faint rays of light came from over the mountain John rose up in his rude bed, stretched, and then jumped up, taking all the cover from off the other boys. This disturbance, together with the chilly morning air, sufficed to bring the others from their beds.

The fire was started, and breakfast was cooked and over before the sun shone above the mountain. After setting the camp in order the boys began to stroll off for the morning.

Charles and John took their poles and started fishing, while Spencer went to see when the tent would be ready for them. Spain remained at camp reading some magazines.

Charles and John had caught several fish and were returning to camp when Spencer came running toward them.

"Hurry up," he called, "we're going with Mitch Sutton's boy up the ravine on a hunt. He says there are lots of deer up there, and a few bears. We can't kill any of them, but we can kill squirrels."

Excited over the prospects of even seeing a deer or a bear, the boys hurried to camp and hastily fixed lunches, which they put in their pockets. The two rifles, carried by Spain and John, and a shotgun, which Frank Sutton had loaned Charles, were cleaned and made ready for the hunt. The party started at ten o'clock. They took the road which followed at a short distance from the stream for about two miles. and then took to a trail. For another mile they tramped on and then the hunting began. Frequent reports were heard and occasionally a squirrel was killed. The hunt was continued until after noon hour, when lunch was eaten. At that time eleven squirrels and two birds constituted the spoils of the day. After luncheon was over they rested for awhile and then prepared to go on again.

"Now," said Frank, "we are going across this ridge and over into the next cove. There is a herd of deer which stays over there, and they are now, most probably, grazing near a small stream which flows at the bottom. You can not kill them at this time of the year, but you can see they are wild in the mountains. Be very careful not to make any noise to attract their attention, or they will be gone before you get a chance to see them."

With these words they began the ascent, and within three-

quarters of an hour were at the top. Here they could see very little but trees and only occasionally a bare spot near the stream at the bottom of the valley. Very cautiously they began the descent, going towards the upper end of the cove, as the wind blew—very softly—up the mountain. Soon they reached the stream and began working their way down to a place where the deer were accustomed to graze. Frank was in the lead, and the others followed close in his footsteps. After ten minutes walking Frank halted and motioned the others to wait, while he crept forward to see if any deer were in sight. He returned in about two minutes (which to the boys seemed as many hours) and motioned them to come forward, but very carefully. Trembling with excitement they followed Frank to a cluster of bushes, beyond which was a long open space, surrounded on all sides with bushes. At the farther end five deer were grazing, and as they watched a sixth came from out the bushes and crossed the open space, going toward the creek. For a long time the boys lay concealed, watching the timid animals feed. At length Spain reached for his pistol and told Frank he was going to shoot just to see how fast they would run. At this statement all the party peered anxiously around the bushes to see the deer bound away when the gun was fired.

“All ready,” whispered Spain, and he pulled the trigger, but only a sharp snap resulted. At this the deer instantly raised their heads and gazed intently toward the bushes where the boys lay concealed. At a second attempt to fire the pistol he succeeded, and almost instantly the deer disappeared in the bushes and ran with terrific speed down the stream.

The party emerged from their hiding place and proceeded to a trail not far distant, and started in the direction of the camp.

"I wish we could see a bear," said Spencer.

"I don't know where to take you to show you a bear, but I can show you some bear tracks I found while I was up here last week, if you want to see them," said Frank.

"I do for one," said Spain.

"So do I," said Spencer.

"Then let's go," said John. "We'll have plenty of time, and very probably we will never have such a chance again soon.

Accordingly they left the trail and proceeded down the stream half a mile farther, and there in a soft place, near the bank were huge tracks of a bear. After examining and commenting upon the shape and size of the tracks, they returned to the trail and then to the camp.

Supper over they packed up their provisions and other necessities and went over to the tent, which was now unoccupied.

Scarcely had the boys finished straightening up the tent when Frank came up and invited the whole party down to his home for a while that night.

Delighted with the idea of becoming better acquainted with Mitch and his family the boys accepted, and accompanied Frank back home.

Old Mitch met them at the gate and ushered them into a large room, where the family was all assembled. A huge fireplace, in which burned a fire of logs, occupied a large part of one side of the room. The boys were seated before the fire with Mitch and Frank on one side, and Mrs. Sutton and two daughters on the left. Hugh, another boy, sat on a bed and from out a corner peeped the baby, Oscar, who was the pride of his father.

"There comes my little man," said Mitch, as the boy came

near him, finger in mouth, and wide-open eyes. "I've been trying for over a week to sell him, but I can't find anybody to buy him. I was offered five thousand dollars for him, but I wouldn't take that much; it's not enough. I guess I could sell him if I took him to town, but then, I guess I had better keep him, for I don't know what I would do without him," said the fond father.

The conversation changed from one subject to another until Spain spied a banjo, and suggested that they have a little music. At this Mitch took the banjo and Frank got a violin, and then the music began. Occasionally they would change instruments, but that made no difference in the flow of the music. Everything from "Fisher's Hornpipe" down to "Sourwood Mountain" was played. Once in a while they would sing a humorous selection which brought a laugh from the others. For over an hour this melodious hum of the banjo, intermingled with the softer and sweeter strains of the violin, was continued. Then it was stopped and the conversation turned to telling anecdotes and experiences. Numerous stories were related, among which was the following, related by Mitch himself:

"One day last fall, as I was hauling a load of fodder from the field, I was called by a man on horseback from the road. I stopped my team and waited for him to come up. He asked me my name, where I lived, and how long I had lived here. I didn't know what to think of the man or why he should ask me such questions, but I answered them all. Then he asked me if I knew a family of Moodies who lived in the neighborhood. I told him I did and then he asked me all about them. I told him that they had only moved there the spring before, and I knew very little at all about them. However, I told him what I did know, and then in turn I asked

him who he was and why he was inquiring about the Moodies. To my surprise he said he was the county sheriff, and furthermore he deputized me to go with and assist him to destroy a 'moonshine still,' which he believed to be run by the Moodies. He had me right there and I couldn't get out of it, so I drove my team on down to the house, got my pistol and a horse and started off up the road. Soon we left the road and followed a trail for at least two miles, to a place where we met two other men. We all tied our horses to trees and started down a path. Ten minutes walking brought us to a place two hundred yards above the still, which was at that time in operation as denoted by the smoke. The building was small and had a door in each end. For fifteen minutes we stood and discussed the best way to attack it. At last we decided to divide into two parties of two each, one to attack each end. It was also agreed for the deputy and myself to go around and attack the front end. We were to crawl up close to the building and then walk up to the door and demand them to surrender. The other two men, who were revenue agents, were to conceal themselves near the back and capture any person attempting to escape, or come and assist us in case we called for help. We circled around and came up to the front, walked up to the door, opened it and walked in. Four men, who were seated in the still house, sprang up and rushed for the door. The deputy and I both seized a man, but the other two ran out the door through which we had come. Realizing the importance of time I struck the man I held a blow on the head with the butt of my pistol; just enough to knock him senseless. Then I ran out and called the other men to come and started in pursuit of the two men who had escaped. Not more than a minute had elapsed since they ran out, so they were little over a hun-

dred yards in the lead. They were making for a dense thicket a quarter of a mile below, in which they hoped to throw me off their trail by dodging me. They were not more than seventy-five yards in advance when they entered the bushes, so I had hopes of catching them yet. Realizing that everything was depending on my speed I exerted myself to the utmost to reach the thicket before they could hide. I was running as fast as I could when I came to the first bushes, and as I passed between these I caught my foot on something and fell to the ground. No sooner had I hit the ground than the two men were upon me. They bound me, hands and feet, with the small rope they had tripped me with. They tied a loose end of the rope with which my hands were tied to a small tree, gagged me to keep me from calling for help, and then left, taking my pistol with them. There I had to stay all night and until after ten o'clock the next day, when a searching party, headed by the deputy, found me. The two men we held in the still were captured, but the others we never saw again. That was the only time and I hope the last time I ever have to help capture a still."

A murmur of satisfaction passed around the room as Mitch finished his story. Several others followed and then the boys left.

"We certainly have had a good time so far, but I don't see what we will do tomorrow morning, for you know we leave tomorrow afternoon," said Spain, as they prepared to go to bed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," exclaimed Charles, with a determined look in his eyes, "I'll challenge any one in the party to see who can catch the most fish before we leave tomorrow."

"I'll take you up on that and beat you at your own game," said John, with a nod of his head.

At six o'clock on the following morning, Charles slipped out of bed, got his pole and started up the stream. About an hour later John woke up and after a hearty breakfast started down the stream. Both boys were gone until about eleven o'clock, when Charles came walking in with a string of eight fish, his largest measuring sixteen inches from tip to tip. In a short time John came in with a string of nine, his largest measuring fifteen inches. One had the most fish while the other had caught the largest, so they counted it even and quit.

After dinner the boys sat around the tent discussing the events of their trip, preparatory to leaving. Everything was packed and they were only waiting for Mitch to come up to the tent and tell them good-bye. At length he appeared, and in his hand he carried a package. This he gave to the boys on condition that they would not open it 'till they reached the gap of the mountain. This they all promised. The package was put in one of the boys' packs and the party started on its return trip.

When the party reached the gap of the mountain their first act was to open their package. To their surprise and astonishment it contained a bottle of grape juice, and a note of a single line: "Drink this in remembrance of Mitch Sutton and Catalooch." So there in the gap of the mountain the boys all drank a toast to Catalooch, to Mitch Sutton and to the prospects of a future trip, which they might all take together.

WALTER McRARY, '13.

The Messenger

TWO Indian tribes were disputing concerning the ownership of certain hunting grounds. The weaker side, after duly considering the matter, decided to send a messenger to summon aid from their kinsmen who dwelt in a valley about two hundred miles distant. The man selected for this dangerous undertaking was a youthful warrior, renowned for his brave deeds in battle.

As soon as the old men of the village had advised the younger man in what manner he should negotiate with their relatives, he set out upon the expedition. The moon was shining brightly as the warrior bade farewell to his dark-eyed squaw and embarking in the canoe, paddled his solitary way down the river. His dusky young wife stood in the shadows on the bank and watched the canoe, with its lone occupant, bent low over the paddle, dancing lightly over the sparkling waves, kissed by the silvery moon. She looked down the beautiful, glimmering stream, until the bend in its course hid the rapidly receding object from her view, leaving in its wake the rippling, moon-tipped waves. After gazing long upon the silent moving mass before her she turned and sought her lonely wigwam, while from out of the dark night surrounding her the dismal howl of the wolf was heard.

The man in the canoe became more cautious after he had passed the last dimly-outlined wigwam. He left the mid-current of the stream and sought the friendly shadows cast by the growth along the shore. For several hours nothing was heard but the steady dip of the paddle as it touched the water, and the sighing of the trees when the wind passed through their branches; or the call of some wild animal seeking its prey in the tangles of the forest.

At last in the distance the murmuring of the stream was distinguished from the other sounds as it tumbled noisily over the rapids. The Indian realized the hard task he had to perform; for shooting the rapids was no easy thing to do, especially in the uncertain light of the moon. Carefully he approached them, and summoning all the knowledge he had of dangerous waterways to his aid, he chose seemingly the safest way. Quickly the light canoe sprang over the treacherous rocks and skimmed safely through the swift waters below. With a glad heart the man renewed his steady work at the paddle, for he knew that to injure his canoe in any part meant delay, if not defeat, in his purpose.

He kept his ever-restless eyes upon the gloomy shore as he rapidly floated by, and finally noticing a slight opening in the trees he recognized as the portage between the river and the lake. First examining the shore very carefully, but seeing or hearing no signs of danger, he directed the canoe towards the small beach. Softly it grated against the sands, and noiselessly the Indian stepped out. Easily lifting his recent conveyance to his shoulder he made his way along the trail. Suddenly he lifted his head and extended his nostrils, for the faint odor of a fire was wafted to him on the cool night air. The enemy, confident of their position, had made a camp in the trail leading to the lake. Cautiously the young man made a wide detour of the camp, once passing very closely by a sleeping sentinel. As he neared the lake a large figure loomed up from out of the darkness. Deftly he placed the canoe upon the ground and wielding his tomahawk with a sure hand he planted it in the head of the other, who was senseless on account of having taken much firewater and could make no resistance. Heavily the wounded man fell, and as the warrior supported his weight

to the ground so that by the fall no noise might be created, the weapon of the huge man was hurled from his hand and struck with great force the foot of the other. The younger man loosed his hold on the still body and renewing his load, came to the lake where he laid the canoe in the bushes. Returning to his dead foe he dragged the man to the shore and there gave up his burden to the dark waters.

The rest of the night the Indian followed the winding shore of the lake, dangling his wounded foot in the cooling waters. When the first signs of dawn appeared in the east he selected a suitable hiding place in the tangled growth of thick bushes, and there all day he waited undisturbed, save perhaps by a passing small animal, who peered curiously through the grass, wondering at the strange sight. During the day the man noticed the enemy on the opposite shore, passing to and fro among the trees, probably hunting the timid deer. When night drew her mantle over the sun they left the shore and wandered farther inland. So the warrior, deeming it safe once more, embarked in the canoe. Again the same silent journey of the previous night was taken, and again the man paddled the hours away, leaving miles behind him.

About midnight he observed a sharp promontory in front of him, protruding far into the water. As he drew closer to it he clung carefully to the shadows along the bank. Just as he rounded the point from the weird darkness of the opposite shore a canoe sprang out. Ever alert for any emergency the man knew he was being pursued by the watchful enemy. The steady strokes of his paddle increased as he heard those of the foe rapidly striking the water behind him. Swiftly the two canoes sprang through the water and for a time an even distance was maintained between them, until grad-

ually the pursuers gained upon the one in advance; for they had not been expending energy the former part of the night as the pursued had done. The young warrior, desperate with defeat so near, brought to his aid the last strength he had to save himself from death and ward off ruin from his tribe. Nearer, ever nearer, approached the enemy, when within shooting distance one Indian placed an arrow in the bow, and with a pull of the thong off it shot, piercing the arm of the man in front. The last hope of safety seemed lost. Almost upon him and frantic with the horror of defeat the warrior used superhuman strength while plying the paddle. Suddenly a shriek of disappointment arose from the four warriors, and turning, he saw one hold up a broken paddle and passionately fling it into the lake. So near upon their prey, one of the warriors at the paddle had become very excited and accidentally dashed the instrument against the side of the canoe, thus breaking it in half. It was useless for four men in a canoe with one paddle to attempt to follow the other. So with cries of defeat, the four warriors turned toward the shore, leaving the solitary canoe to continue its journey upon the lake. With a great feeling of thankfulness for his deliverance, the Indian looked out upon the broad expanse of shining water and breathed a sigh of relief.

The remainder of that night and far into the next day, he kept his place in the canoe; until exhausted by the constant exertion and the rays of the sun he sought the restful shades of the shore where he might relieve his wounded arm. For several hours he lay quietly watching the busy bees flying to and fro, or the birds chirping to each other merrily, in the trees. Disturbed by distant sounds, he straightened up and gazing down the lake, saw a party of several canoes, idly paddling through the water. Thinking it safer to remove him-

self to a more distant place, the warrior placed the most necessary things about his person, and swiftly withdrew to a small hill near by. Gradually the canoes aimlessly drifted toward the shore where the young man was, and by a mere chance happened upon his hidden canoe. Hearing the cries of triumph, the man knew his canoe had been discovered and that he would be pursued by the enemy.

And so started the long hunt over hill and valley, through streams and forests, until both hunted and hunters were exhausted. Walking for miles in some stream in order that no footprint might be detected to show his trail; or again, to leave some signs and clues that might cause the pursurers to take the wrong direction—these were some strategies to which he resorted. Once, exhausted, he sought refuge in a cave by a stream, and there remained until the foe had passed. The anxiety of those moments was great, since the pursuers were so near and only a thread of hope was left. While the foe slept at night, the warrior continued the endless journey through the forest; and in the morning, standing upon some distant hill could faintly hear the shouts of the others down in the woods below. During those days he did not have sufficient food, for fear of the enemy's detection and lack of time were ample reasons for not delaying. Then, too, his wounded foot and sore arm greatly delayed his speed, and with difficulty he maintained his position in front of the enemy.

At last he stood upon the mountain overlooking the peaceful village nestled in the valley, his long looked for goal. It was midday, and smilingly the sun shone down upon the mountain top and the dwellings in the valley, dotted here and there along the small stream which seemed a mirror, so brightly did it reflect the sunlight. Lazily the smoke arose

from the fires and mingling with the hazy atmosphere, was lost to the sight.

Greatly changed was the appearance of the man upon the mountain since he started from his own village, a healthy, promising young warrior, confident of success. Bent and haggard was he now, with a look in his face like that of a hunted deer. His arm was hanging useless at his side, and his wounded foot was painful as he limped through the grass. His body was torn by many a cruel briar and was disfigured by the privations of the last three days. But what cared he for all those toils and miseries, now that he was almost there, safe at last and the enemy had been left far behind! He straightened his body to catch the cooling breeze and the better to see the wigwams of the tribe. Soon, oh so soon, the peaceful quiet of the village would be disturbed by his arrival! All would become greatly excited, and there would be numerous preparations made for the coming war. And after resting for a few days, he would return victorious to his native land, crushing on the way with the aid of his kinsmen that hateful pursuing enemy. But be careful, O warrior, and more cautious for the message has not yet been given. Creeping silently through the forest, there comes an idle hunter, and observing the suspicious looking man, carelessly wings an arrow. From the bow it springs, and singing through the air, pierces the heart of the noble warrior. Wearily he sinks to the ground, gazing with one last lingering look at the goal he must never reach, he turns and draws his last breath.

With the fall of the brave warrior the tribe also finds its doom. Cruelly it is finally conquered and all its inhabitants slain or allowed to live a life of servitude. In vain the dark-eyed young wife stands on the shore of the winding river.

watching patiently the bend in its course, awaiting the victorious return of her husband; little knowing that he lies on a mountain from which a peaceful village in the valley may be seen.

MARGARET BATTERHAM, '14.

Jerry's Visit to Washington

ASHEVILLE in the early thirties was by no means the enterprising and progressive city it is now. True, it was then, as now, the metropolis of all the country round; the common headquarters where the prosperous and hardy farmers of the mountains gathered to distribute their produce, and after disposing of this, to spend happy hours of social intercourse with others of their kind at the village store, before returning to their mountain homes.

It was the twenty-second of February, a bitter cold day, with six inches of snow on the ground, and a biting cold wind outside, that twelve husky pioneers were gathered around the great log fire in the usual meeting place, after having traded their butter, eggs, and milk to the storekeeper in exchange for flour, bacon and coffee. It was not long before pipes were going, and the smokers, seated on boxes and barrels, began to expand and grow merry as they basked in the genial warmth of the fire.

"How's yore wife an' children, Jarn?" drawled Jerry Tolliver.

"They're totable, thank yuh, how's your'n?" replied John Davidson, and with such commonplace remarks the conversation ran on until Rube Lawrence suddenly remarked,

"By gum, boys, ef today isn't George Wash'nton's birthplace!"

"*Birthday*, you Rube," shouted Hank Collins, and at this

there was a general guffaw of laughter, for it doesn't take much to make happy countrymen laugh. "But it is, shore enough, boys. I had plumb fergot it. Say, Jerry," he remarked to that individual, "tell us 'bout when you called on your friend George, after he wuz made president."

"I've done told yuh 'bout a dozen times," said Jerry, "but I reckon yuh've most forgot it, so I'll tell it agin. Jim," he shouted to the negro boy, who had been comfortably dozing on a sugar barrel, and who now awoke with a start, "go git me some o' that hard cider yore master's been braggin' so much about."

After the mug had been passed around and all hands had partaken of the cider in question with much apparent avidity and relish, they settled back with acclamations of approval and great smacking of lips to listen to Jerry's story.

"Waal," said Jerry, "I knowed George when he was a boy, an' when he was a man I 'lowed he wan't gwine ter git away from me. Many's the time I've run off an' gone swimmin' with him in March an' stayed out of school a pleasant day in April to shoot squirrels with him. Why we growed up from young'uns together an' was inter all kinds of boyish mischief. I lived in a little shack down by the river, and George lived in his big mansion house up on the hill, 'bout five hundred yards away. But he wa'n't proud, for all that, an' used to play with us boys just as nice as anything. By an' by George went off to school, an' dad, wantin' to be further out in the backwoods whar huntin' was better, moved up hyer.

"I had 'most fergot George in my new surroundin's when the first thing I knowed the war had come on and the next thing I knowed, George was made commander in chief of the whole army. He allus wuz great in a military way, he used to organize us boys into battalyuns an' companys an' he

allus tuk the part of major or colonel an' made us stan' around too, don't you fergit it. I often said he was gwine to be a general or sumthin', but lor', I never thunk it was gwine to cum true.

"Well, George fit the war off in fine style as you all know, an' yuh likewise remember, leastwise some of you do, how *we* kept them redcoats an' redskins on the jump when I distinguished myself as Boone's aid-de-camp and major domo, an' you all wuz his trusty right hand men."

(Right about here, Jerry became exceedingly thirsty and couldn't go on with his tale until he was supplied with another mug of cider. Having satisfied his thirst, he proceeded.)

"As I was sayin'," said he, "you remember how they 'lected George president, after he had done such good work riddin' the country of them pesky redcoats. Well, not long after this I wanted to go up an' pay George a visit as he was a old friend o' mine, an' I hadn't seen him in so long. So I went up to the White House, at Washington, an' asked the Secretary of State or whoever it wuz that answered the White House door fer the President. He asked me who I wuz and what I wanted, an' when I told him that I was a old friend of George's, he actyerally had the impudence to say to me, a respectable mountaineer at that, that the President didn't have time to see every old scalawag that cum along, and after I had cum all that way too, an' the impudent upstart tried to shut the door in my face. But no sir! 'Look'e hyer,' sez I to him, 'I'm a respectable feller an' I've come all this way to see the President, and by gum I'm gwine ter see the President, if I have ter knock you down and walk in over yore skulkin' carcass.' At that he said I had insulted him, and his friends would meet my friends for choice of arms,

but I said he knew durn well that I didn't have any friends there but I would settle matters right then myself with him an' his friends too, if necessary.

"So he got two pistols and we went out to settle the dispute, but on the way I stopped to think, what would George say if I killed his Secretary of State right there in his own yard? So yuh see I didn't *want* ter shoot him, but I couldn't hardly get out of it without showing the white feather, an' I wa'n't gwine ter do that. As I was walkin' along thinkin' 'bout it, an' cursin' the abominable custom what made it needful fer one of us to shoot the other instead of fighting it out fair fist so nobody wud be hurt, a bright idee struck me. It came so sudden that I just jumped right up in the air an' went along whistlin' and laughin' by turns 'til the Secretary up'd an' ast what wuz the matter with me. But I sed 'never you mind, ole feller,' and wouldn't say no more, so we walked on silent, him looking as glum as a owl and me happy as a lark.

"We soon come to a kind of avernoo in the trees whar we cud shoot to our heart's content unseen, an' without nobody buttin' in. So we put our backs together and walked off fifty paces an' turned aroun'. 'You ready?' sez he. 'Yep,' sez I. Well you know how I go squirrel shootin' with my pistol, boys, an' how I always hit the squirrel right in his eye so 'twon't injure none of the eatin' part? Well, that wuz my idee, the muzzle of a pistol is about a little bigger'n the eye of a squirrel, you know, so as soon as he counted three, I tuk aim right at the end of his barrel right in line with whar I knowed the bullet wud cum an' fired. Well sir, ef you cud a seen those two bullets meet right in mid-air an' mash agin' each other an' melt with the c'ncussion, you'd a' died laughin'. When the Secretary got over his astonish-

ment, he dropped his pistol an' run right over to me an' give me a big hug, an' said a man as cud shoot like that wuz worthy to be a brother to the President.

"So we walked up to the White House arm in arm an' asked for the President. But he was busy so we sot down to wait. The Secretary of State had some busness to 'tend to so he left, an' after 'bout a hour George came in.

" 'Well, sir, what do you want?' sez George. 'A pension or an appointment?'

" 'Neither,' sez I, 'I've come to pay you a visit George.'

" 'Well, I'm sorry,' sez he, 'but I'm powerful busy now an' you'll have to defer yore visit 'til some other time.' At this I wud have got mad, but I cud see he had forgotten me.

" 'Why George,' sez I, 'do you mean to say you've fergot yore old friend, Jerry Tolliver, who used to hook water-melons with you down in ole Virginny, an' rob bird's nests, an' go swimmin' an' everything?'

" 'Well, ef it ain't my ole friend!' sez George. 'Jerry, my how you've grown. I wouldn't have knowed you. The same feller tho' I can see. To think that I'd have forgot you when the last thing I did before leavin' home wuz to give you the little hatchet that I cut down the cherry tree with, as a keepsake. I never knew then how famous that hatchet was goin' ter git.

" 'Hyer it is now,' sez I, 'I brung it along to prove I wuz me if you had any doubts about it.'

"So we went on out, arm in arm, an' had some club sandwiches, an' they *wuz* good, too, let me tell you, an' George footed the bill very sporty, tho' I didn't ast him to. George wasn't so awful busy after all, all he had to do was to give orders, an' I stayed up there about a week in the capital, havin' a good time, and then I cum home an' here I am. Now're you satisfied?"

"No," said Hank Collins, the lanky mountaineer whom we mentioned in the first part of this story. "How come the Secretary of State to be answerin' the door of the White House?"

"I don't know," said Jerry, "unless times was more aristocratic then, now they're satisfied to have a little old page boy, as they call 'em, answerin' the door, instead of some dignified officer like they ought to. Next thing you know they'll be having trained baboons to do all the work instead o' white people. I'm just disgusted with this hyer new administrashyun." With that the conversation drifted off into politics, and as it would be uninteresting to my readers, however animated it was at the time, I will not record it here.

ED. HARTSHORN, '13.

To Papa After Losing His False Teeth

January 3, 1913.

Dear father, I can feel for thee
 In all your grief and trouble;
 You used to eat your food with glee,
 For then your teeth were double;
 But now you sip your soup and tea,
 Your face is pale and drawn—
 You yearn to eat all kinds of meat,
 But your upper teeth are gone.

'Twas a bitter fate when you lost your plate,
 Ye gods! 'twas a cruel stroke.
 The Christmas debts had used your "bets"
 And left you nearly broke.
 But still you can not live on tea,
 Nor chew round steak without 'em,
 So drop down town to Dentist Brown
 And tell the Doc about 'em.

But father, dear, while you are here
Please ease my turbid brain;
I'm sure your pearly bridge was there
When you caught the morning train.
But, alas! some slip has cost you much;
Much money, toil, and pain.
You reversed your mouth's controlling clutch
And ne'er saw them again.

So often did I see those teeth
A layin' on the dresser,
So often did Ma see them, too,
When you would oft' caress her,
I'm sure we both would like to hear
Your petty tale of woe:
Where did you lose those teeth so dear,
And how did it happen so?

Here father drank a sip of tea
And smacked his lips with sadness.
"I'm sure," said he, "this catastrophe
Will fill my soul with madness.
It happened yesterday at noon—
Was there ever such a wonder?
And say! it happened, oh, so soon
I hadn't time to ponder."

"'Twas just like this," my father said;
"The train was whirling fast;
On the window sill I leaned my head
To feel the cooling blast.
When lo! I sneezed, as humans must
When their throat is teased with a grain of dust;
And then, by gosh! would you suppose
I'd sneezed through my mouth as well as my nose!

My teeth through the open window flew
And dropped to the ground, as things must do."
The tale was told; but you beware
Who wear false limbs, false teeth and hair.
This might have happened to you or I,
This might have been a wig or an eye;
But 'twas only his teeth which he lays on the shelf,
And nobody knew it but papa himself.

WM. KEENER, '13.

A Trip to Rio de Janeiro

"What so rare, . . . etc."—*Lowell*.

Come with me and I will show you the prettiest place on earth. Because I am not able to picture to you its beauties in their true light, still the fact remains that Rio de Janeiro is, very likely, a rival of the Garden of Eden.

I have already secured your passage, and relieved your mind of all pecuniary troubles, so let's enjoy ourselves.

What a nice, large, and comfortable steamer this is. The decks are so wide and long, the cabins inside are veritable palace halls, and as for our staterooms, I for one, never slept in more elegant quarters. With curtains in the windows, for they are real windows and not port holes, a stationary washstand with running water, a brass bedstead and a sofa, and many other articles of furniture. It is hard to realize that we are sailing along at the rate of fourteen knots or more.

Let us out on deck for a promenade. Here are many people doing exactly the same thing, mainly getting acquainted with one another. Some have already secured their steamer chairs, and are now lying back all wrapped up in heavy shawls, for the stiff breeze created by the boat's motion is rather cool. These are the more experienced travelers who care little for the sights of the ocean and would rather lie back somewhat wisely, and smoke a pipe.

Perhaps you will get that way after a time, but in the meanwhile let me introduce you to one of our fellow passengers, Senor Querino de Olivera.

"Asuas ordens Senhor," you look at me in wonderment, and well you may, for my friend has just told you that he is at your service. This is the manner of a Brazilian's greeting

to a perfect stranger, but for me, I am an old acquaintance of his, he has ready a warm and welcome hug, with much patting on my back. On the whole Senor Olivera is a good example of a middle aged Brazilian gentleman. He is not tall, about five feet four, and of rather light build. His hair is dark and so are his eyes; his complexion is almost of a tan hue, and betrays his pure Latin descent. His clothes are rather tight fitting and his coat tail somewhat long. If you could only understand what he says, you would find him a very pleasant traveling companion. His language is very beautiful and wonderfully expressive.

Although it is out of our regular route, the captain has decided to stop over a day at Barbadoes in the West Indies Islands.

“What are those objects on the water?” Why they are small sail boats that come out to meet the incoming steamers. They will take all who wish to go, ashore. Isn’t that an awful racket they raise! Every one is trying to catch your eye and call your attention by whistling and shouting at the top of his voice. We’ll not go ashore this time, although there are many curious things to be seen here. But let’s go to the other side of the vessel and watch the negro boys dive after money. For a quarter they will pass under the ship and come up on the other side; for a dollar they will dive off of the ship’s bridge; for a dime they will go to the bottom after mud, and for a nickel they’ll fight under water. The sight is wonderful and it is a pity we cannot stay longer.

As we pass among the other Islands, we come in plain sight of Mt. Pelee, and so near to the city of St. Pierre that the ruins are easily distinguished with the naked eye. In this vicinity we see many flying fish, much seaweed and large numbers of Portuguese men of war. The latter is a jelly

like fish that has a peculiar sort of sail which it holds above the surface in calm weather, and in rough weather it furls its sail and goes below. Just before coming in sight of the Brazilian coast we run across the famous fishing catamaran rafts. Men lash themselves to these crude boats and stay out at sea for several days. Bahia is the first port we touch on the Brazilian coast. This city is one of the oldest in Brazil and its population consists of nine negroes to every white person.

At last, after seventeen days travel we arrive in sight of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. To the left of the entrance stands the magnificent sugar loaf. It should rather be termed a chocolate drop for this is exactly what it looks like—a barren mass of rock, rising some nine hundred feet above the water's edge. With a glass it is possible to see a flag staff planted upon its very summit by some daring adventurers. To the right of the entrance there stands a small fort of only two guns. It resembles an egg, in that only a part of the egg protrudes above the surface. The fort itself is carved out of the solid rock. To the left of the sugar loaf there extends an unbroken line of white beach, and in the back grounds, a range of beautiful, green covered mountains. To the right of the entrance the mountains are closer to the water's edge and the beach not so wide.

We pass through the entrance, which is one mile in width, and commence our way toward the anchoring grounds. The Bay of Rio, which is considered one of the finest harbors in the world, is so long that when first discovered by Cabral it was supposed to be a great river, and since the month was January it derived its name, "River of January."

The first part of the city that comes to our view is what is known as "Praia de Botafogo" and is mainly a residential

sēction. You will notice also that there is a sea wall skirting the bay as far as you can see around the bend. This is the famous "Blira Mar" avenue, down which we will later take a drive. On our way to the anchoring grounds we pass a fort situated on an island well out in the bay. On this island the French Huguenots took refuge when persecuted by the Catholics. It has been the scene of many exciting episodes and the latest one was quite a spectacle. The navy for a time mutinied and as the island was manned by the army, the navy brought up a few boats and for several hours peppered that fort continuously, utterly destroying it. The fighting was witnessed by large numbers of spectators at a safe distance along the sea wall. Every once in a while they will have such revolts and it makes life really interesting to those who live there. As we approach our destination, notice those ferry boats crossing and recrossing. They go to Nitcheroy, which is a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, located on the opposite side of the bay and which is now the capital of the state of Rio de Janeiro. At last after what seems to be an unnecessarily long delay we are made fast, and the government inspector comes aboard. I say inspector, but allow me to correct myself. There are at least twenty of them—custom house officers, doctors, etc. The stewards bring our hand parcels on deck, and then, at their leisure they rummage through our goods. It will never do for a government officer to over-work himself, so, while the majority hang around on the rails smoking and talking, a few will do the inspecting and then turn about. We hurrying, scurrying Americans are exasperated by their leisurely way of doing business.

"Patience hath its reward," and we are now on the launch, bound for Caes Pharoux. The government is at present

constructing in its leisurely way several miles of fine new docks, but as yet the steamers are not allowed to use them and are forced to land all their cargo by means of lighters. Caes Pharoux is the aristocratic landing place. It is not near the custom houses, and is a beautiful little park, full of shade trees and green lawns. Notice those sailors in that cutter over there, how they row. It is in perfect keeping with the nature of the people. They pull a stroke one beat in every eight. It looks ridiculous, but they say it is very restful. Notice also those men in the small boats, they row by pushing the oar from them, while sitting with their faces toward the bow of the boat. It is extremely awkward and I never could understand why they do it, unless it be to see where they go.

To the left of the Caes, as we approach it, stands the ferry house and then the new market. This is a fine steel structure, one story high, but covering a large area of ground. The roof is decorated with many fantastical designs and a large portion is of glass. Here the farmers of the neighboring country bring their produce and sell it in the stalls. You may either go to the market in person or wait at home and buy it from men known as "quitandeiros." These men have a stout pole about six feet in length, to which there is fastened to either extremity three or four baskets. These baskets he fills with vegetables of all sorts, and then swings the whole mass across one shoulder and the back of his neck. The load is *tremendous* and the stout pole bends as if it were a reed. The weight is so great that when the baskets swing he is forced into a semi-trotting walk. It is a peculiar, irregular gait, and they scurry along at a great speed. Anything can be bought in the market, from live monkeys to dry goods.

Awaiting our arrival are a large number of loafers and porters. Turning our hand baggage over to a "carregadar" we board the car and make our way to our hotel. The streets are wide, nicely paved, and with commodious sidewalks. Two or three minutes riding brings us to Central avenue, the main thoroughfare of the city. Truly this is a street any city would be proud to own. It is exactly one mile long and perfectly straight. Down the middle of the street there runs a row of fancy lamp posts, each bearing two arc lights. At the foot of each post there is a small flower bed. The sidewalks are unusually wide and paved throughout their entire length with intricate patterns of inlaid stone. The buildings are on the whole taller along this street than elsewhere, averaging about four stories. Many of them are fancifully decorated in front.

Here we get off and a short walk brings us to another car shed. It is a magnificent pink building of six stories.

After paying our fare again, for transfers are unknown, we go out past the beautiful three million dollar municipal theatre, and skirt the "Avenida Beira Mar," past the Monroe Palace, President's Palace, and at last we come to the "Strangers Hotel." Although it would hardly be considered a hotel in this country, it is about the best to be had in Rio. From here one can extend excursions and tours to many delightful places. Among others, the trip to "Corcovado," is one of the most delightful. Taking the car in front of our door, we are carried to the foot of the mountain where we transfer into an electrical cog-road train. About half an hour's delightful riding lands us on the summit, two thousand four hundred feet above the city. We have approached from the back side of the mountain, and now as we stand out on a little promontory which is railed in, it is almost a sheer drop right

into the city at our feet. No grander sight can be had anywhere in the world. In front of us, as far out as eye can reach lies the boundless Atlantic. Along the shore the breakers are breaking in an endless white line. To the back of us stand the "Manteigueira" Mountains covered with virgin forest. On our left lies the bay, beautiful in every detail. The whole scene is like a perfect miniature map, spread far below us. Toy size ships move in and out of the bar and disappear in the distance. Street cars look like small match boxes and move with painful slowness. Nature is jealous of her work so that, try as man might, he cannot bring away from that place either with pen or with camera the slightest conception of the beauties that are free to all who will look. Away in the distance across the bay there stands a perfect formation of a hand, with the forefinger pointing skyward. This the Brazilians call "Dedo de Deus" (Finger of God.) Up in those mountains are numerous summer resorts.

Several years might we spend in Rio, and then not see all that there is to be seen, but let us go back to the city and see a typical Brazilian street, and then you may return home.

"Rud de Alvidor" is one of Rio's principal thoroughfares. No vehicles are allowed on it except early in the morning and late at night. It is probably twenty-five feet in width, including the sidewalks. The latter are a little more than steps to the stores. People swarm up and down this little street all hours of the day. Once it was carpeted from one end to the other in honor of a great leader who was influential in freeing the slaves. Along this street and on others also, we see open air cafés where coffee is served piping hot, all hours of the day and night. Nothing is cheaper than whiskey in Brazil, yet very little drunkenness is seen, and it is

supposed that these coffee restaurants are the chief factor producing soberness.

Brazil was formerly a Monarchy but is now a Republic much like our own.

Rio de Janeiro has probably the finest water supply in the world, and supports a million inhabitants.

K. P. COACHMAN, '14.

High School Song

The two best teams from all the schools
Met for a baseball game.
And this is why they came,
That both might try for fame.
They each played an inning
To see who was winning,
And which do you think was best?
Why, Asheville and her High School team—
They knocked out all the rest;
They made such a wonderful score
The crowd broke out in a roar:

CHORUS:

"Asheville High! Oh, Asheville High!
Let's cheer them up to the sky;
They have their team all a-working,
No player is shirking."
And when they hear those people cheer,
Their school mates rooted for them,
"Do it again! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Asheville, cheer for Asheville High!"

Until the game is all done—the victory won.
Then Asheville yelled, "Our team is the best!
It takes all the honor away from the rest,
And gains all the glory for our old Asheville High."

MISS L. M. BATTERHAM.



Propriis Volamus Alis.

Vol. 1. ASHEVILLE, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1913. No. 2.

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Resolved, that Asheville needs a new High School building. That is the proposition which at present confronts us, and while it is plainly obvious, still it is necessary to give conclusive reasons why Asheville as a city, needs one, and should have one in the near future.

In the first place, Asheville is rapidly growing and progressing in every line, and its schools should keep pace with its other development if only for appearance's sake. Now our High School building, while it is not absolutely dilapidated, does not present the most modern and up-to-date appearance to the critical eye of the stranger who visits our city. True, it is a romantic looking old pile, and would do

very well as a relic of some old feudal castle, but under the capacity which it is now serving, such a view loses its impressiveness and is sadly out of place. Here I might remark that its inside appearance is even less prepossessing than its outside, if this be possible.

Were I to recapitulate all the disadvantages under which the High School building labors in looks, I would be undertaking a tiresome and useless attempt. Suffice it to say that its unsightly qualifications are too obvious to necessitate my stating them. The peculiar construction of the building not only enhances its value as an antique curiosity, but also makes it very difficult to keep it properly clean, and our janitor is immensely overworked in his earnest endeavors to overcome the difficulties which present themselves in this line.

But were this my only objection to our present building, I am afraid the immediate prospects of a new one would not be very bright. However, that is the very slightest of my reasons why we need a new building, for we have yet looming up before us the *overwhelming facts* that our present building is deficient in *size, heating capacity, ventilation, and equipment*.

It is well known that every term as a new class comes up from the eighth grade, the senior class is ousted from the study hall into some room by themselves, in order to make room for the newcomers. The classes are far too large to admit of systematic and individual instruction to the extent that it should be practiced to obtain good results. And as the school grows in numbers, provision should be made to distribute the increasing body of members in a way which would tend toward an improvement over our present system, which would directly lead to more efficacious results than can be accomplished with our existing condition of few

but large classes. These evils can only be overcome by having a building of more commodious proportions and architecturally planned so that it will lend itself to the desired effect which I have just mentioned. Of course, the objection will be raised that a new building on the above plan will necessitate an extra expense for additional teachers, but the benefits derived will certainly overbalance the weight of this objection.

Next, it is my purpose to show that the heating facilities of our building are none the best. Owing to the difficulty of controlling the distribution of heat, some rooms frequently become overheated, while others are not sufficiently supplied with this necessary comfort. In one or two cases it has even been necessary to dismiss the school because something went wrong with the heating apparatus and the building was not comfortably warm. Then, in attempts to regulate the heat by means of adjusting the steam control appliances on the radiators, we are often inconvenienced by a loud hissing of steam, or even by jets of water spurting about all over the walls or desks in the vicinity of the radiators. I am convinced that with a more scientifically constructed building these *disadvantages* or I may say *nuisances* might be obviated, because the distribution of heat could be controlled by the janitor in the cellar, so that an even temperature would prevail throughout the building.

The most *important* reason of all, though, is not any inefficiency of our system of ventilation, as may be supposed, but the simple fact that we are *without* any system *whatever* for giving the students and teachers of the High School that which is most essential to life, the pure fresh air for which Asheville is so far-famed! In a place where over three hundred people congregate daily for five hours at a stretch, it is

only reasonable to expect that these people be provided with fresh air that is continually changing, so that it will be *constantly* and *strictly fresh*. The haphazard method that is now extant of opening a window when a school room grows too close, and closing it when it becomes too cold is actually harmful, as it subjects persons to draughts or deprives them of sufficient ventilation for fear of draught. Or if no wind is blowing, even with all the windows open, it is my theory that the supply of air does not change as fast as it is used up, notwithstanding the kinetic theory of gases. When one enters the school from out of doors, he instantly notices the change from fresh air to foul by the close, stifling odor, which is not apparent to anyone who has been inside for a few minutes. When one takes into consideration that one person uses up several thousand cubic feet of air an hour, he will be convinced of the truth of my statements. There are several practical methods of thorough and sufficient ventilation now, and we should enjoy the benefits of these.

The topic of ventilation suggests another very noticeable fault with our building. All of the stairways are of the winding variety, and most of them very narrow and steep, so that in case of fire, smoke would pour up these, making it impossible to effect an escape. Anyone who happened to be on the third or fourth floor at the time of a fire would have practically no chance at all of safely reaching the ground. As there are no outside fire escapes, it is evident that the building is practically no better than a firetrap.

I have mentioned that the building lacks in suitable equipment, and only a few statements are necessary to make this point manifest. The blackboards throughout the entire school are very poor in quality, consisting of rubber cloth instead of modern slate blackboards which we should have.

The desks in the English room are very poor. Hardly a desk in school is properly equipped with the necessary ink well, or even where these do exist they are not kept properly filled. The chemistry and physics laboratories are so poorly equipped that the laboratory periods are a constant struggle on the part of the pupils to obtain sufficient apparatus to conduct their experiments; the fact is that many are often unable to obtain proper results because there is an insufficiency or total lack of necessary utilities along this line.

With these deplorable conditions it is only natural when they become generally known, to expect something better. I do not wish, it is not my desire, to belittle or detract from the merits of our school, because it is known everywhere as a leading institution of learning; I merely want to state what our needs are, to show why our present building is *unsuited* to our needs. Neither do I expect that the city will be able to provide us with the necessary building instantly, but I want to direct the attention of the public to this fact which they may have hitherto overlooked or possibly not been aware of: that we *need* it. Then, if I have led the public and the authorities to believe that a new High School structure which is modern and up to date in appearance, equipment, heating, lighting, and ventilation is needed, I am sure that such a building will be forthcoming, for I am convinced that a flourishing city like Asheville can easily provide the wherewithal if it makes a serious effort. E. S. H., '13.

One thing badly needed in Asheville is public playgrounds. Our conscientious citizens enact probation laws and wonder why so many boys are lawbreakers, yet few ever stop to consider why these children are lawbreakers.

At present there are only two or three public parks in Asheville. They are not adapted to children's games, but are divided up into fountains, flower beds, shrubbery and beautiful green lawns. These parks are essential to a beautiful city, but other parks for playgrounds are just as essential to the development of the future citizens of our State. Yet our authorities seem reluctant to remedy this condition. The public school grounds are too small, and mostly located on steep hills. People wonder why the Asheville High School athletics are not what they ought to be, but if they consider that we have no athletic field where a large number of players could participate in such games as football, baseball, and tennis instead of the few who expect to make the teams, they would be less indifferent to this deplorable situation. Fellow students of the High School, success is largely due to your attitude on this need of a modern building and adequate campus. Talk it to your parents. Many citizens who have paid no attention to these circumstances will thus become acquainted with our demand, which they will help to answer.

Public playgrounds would keep hundreds of children from the streets, where they absorb the morals of the criminal types. In this epoch of speeding vehicles it is dangerous for children to play in the streets. Children are going to play somewhere. It is their right and nature to play, so why not provide playgrounds for them?

Gradually our city is becoming larger and larger. Property is increasing in value very rapidly, and money invested now is no waste or loss, but a sound investment for the State and city. We are developing our children mentally and spiritually, why not develop physically.

C. G. T.

The parcel post system was brought into effect through the efforts of the Postmaster General. Mr. Hitchcock saw the good accomplished by this system in foreign countries and made several trips abroad for the purpose of examining its workings thoroughly. He came back more determined than ever to have the system put into force and finally succeeded in obtaining a law on the subject by Congress.

The purposes of the parcel post system are to lower the cost of living, to reach rural districts which can not be reached by express companies, and to help the farmer in the selling of his produce by eliminating the middle man. Packages sent by parcel post must not weigh more than eleven pounds or less than four ounces and must not exceed seventy-two inches in length and girth combined. All packages fulfilling these conditions can go as fourth class matter, except books, which are not allowed to go by parcel post.

The United States has been divided into zones, which cover the distance within a radius of fifty miles. Within a zone a package can go anywhere at the rate of five cents for one pound and three cents more for each additional pound. Outside this zone so much is added for every pound. Charts and maps with directions how to use them have been placed in every postoffice, along with new scales, which have the capacity of weighing from four ounces to eleven pounds. This simplifies the system very much.

The parcel post system delivers packages in less time and in better condition than the express system. This has been proved by several of the principal newspaper houses in the north. The advocates of the parcel post claim that it will lower the cost of living because it will encourage the buying of food from the farmer, thereby saving the tax which accumulates when it passes through so many different hands. This

system will especially aid the isolated ranchman who can not be reached by the express system, as it will extend everywhere there is a postoffice.

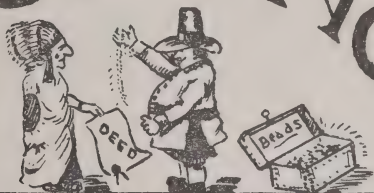
The question "Will the parcel post make its competition felt by express companies" has been asked. This has partly been proved by the trials already made in which the parcel post system has won.

The government does not expect to make anything from this proposition. It only expects it to be self-supporting. This system has long been in use in England and certain countries of Europe, where it has proved so satisfactory that England has made her weight limit so much greater that a horse can now be sent by mail.

The benefit to automobile companies has been estimated as very high. About half of the half a million dollars is to be expended in providing automobile trucks, wagons, etc., to deliver this extra mail. This will benefit the motor companies as well as the reduced rates by which such articles as automobile lamps, ignition apparatus, tools and pumps can be sent.

This system will bring the producer and the consumer into closer relationship. It will also make the farm life more luxurious by placing city comforts at its very door. This will tend to keep the young people in the country, since if they have city comforts they will not be so desirous of changing their homes for a stuffy city life. G. MACLAIN.

EXCHANGE



Bean's

When a student takes up a school magazine his thoughts run in a rather light vein. Not necessarily in a humorous trend, nor on the contrary a very serious one. He experiences a fluctuating tendency between the philosophical and the funny. To satisfy this mood he must have resource to a publication which is a sort of happy medium between *Life* and the *North American Review*, and he finds this medium or should find it in the school journal.

As a rule when a reader notices a topic which he thinks will be interesting he will invariably turn over the pages to see how *long* it is.

For every added leaf there settles a more doubtful look upon his countenance, and if his search for "Finis" has carried him too far it does not take much persuasion to carry him on to the next article. But if he is so fortunate as to run across the end on the second or third page, a satisfied expression spreads over his face and promptly he turns back and starts reading. Now if this short story is well written a most profitable five or ten minutes has been spent.

When the article is serious, a lesson has been learned; and when the story is humorous, pleasure is derived without wearying the mind by protracted reading.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Daedalian Monthly. C. & A., Texas.—For witty, breezy short stories you take the lead.

Statesville High School Magazine. Statesville.—We would suggest that you allow more room for your headings.

The Messenger. Durham, N. C.

The Vexillum, Volkmann School, Boston, Mass.—Illustrations are better than story in "The Man at the Corner," but nevertheless your magazine ranks among the foremost.

The Academy Graduate, Newburgh, N. Y.

The Spinner, Highbee School, Memphis, Tenn.—Larger print in single column would add greatly to the appearance of your magazine. The story of the "Sprained Ankle" is short and well told.

High School Journal, Pittsburg, Pa.—The cover of your magazine is exceedingly attractive. The "Masked Knight" is beautifully told and has a clever plot. The "Copper Retort" is nothing more or less than a fairy tale that would indeed be splendid for primary grades, but which is below a High School standard. The jokes in the Exchange Department are exceptionally good. We would recommend that a table of contents be added.

University of North Carolina Magazine, Chapel Hill.

State Normal Magazine, Greensboro, N. C.

The Elon College Weekly, Elon College, N. C.

The Lexington High School, Lexington, N. C.

The Blackboard, Rocky Mount Graded School, Rocky Mount, N. C.



Deans

Through some unaccountable error the name of Miss Lilly Batterham, the teacher of the eighth grade, was not mentioned in the list of teachers printed in the Thanksgiving number. The editors wish to make all due apologies to her. Miss Batterham, as an alumna and as a teacher, is endeared to the High School.

We celebrated North Carolina Day with quite an entertaining program. The boyhood, characteristics, and work of Governor Aycock were dealt with in the various papers read. All would have voted the exercises a big success as they were, but our pleasure was greatly enhanced by having Governor-elect Locke Craig with us. He gave delightful reminiscences of Aycock's boyhood, and a clear insight into his character. "Dixie" and "The Old North State" were sung as only North Carolinians know how to sing them.

On January 24, 1913, the first term ended, and another graduating class left the "dear old alma mater," as they call it *now*. The following students were graduated: Mary

Katharine Carter, Euphemia Collins, Robert Lee Francis, Samuel Asher Friedlander, Novella McIntyre, Carlos Maximo Goldsmith, Helen Trafford Moore, Sarah Taylor Rogers, Clara Reigel Roth, Aaron Edgar Samuels, Agnes Cox Brown, Sarah Lillian Nixon, and Laadan LeRoy Owens.

The program of the Class Day exercises was as follows:

Song—Praise ye the Father.....	<i>Gounod</i>
High School Chorus	
Class History	Sara Nixon
Class Statistics.....	Georgia Donnan
Song—A Winter Lullaby.....	<i>R. de Koven</i>
High School Chorus	
Class Poem.....	Helen Moore
Song—The Asheville High School.....	<i>Prof. M. K. Weber</i>
High School Chorus	
Class Will	Robert Francis, Jr.
Class Prophecy.....	Clara Roth
Class Song.....	<i>Rhys-Herbert</i>
Senior Class	
Announcements	Mr. Kennedy

At 8:00 p. m. the sweet girl graduates and the bashful boys gathered in the High School Auditorium to receive their diplomas. The program follows:

Invocation	Dr. Campbell
Song—A Prayer.....	<i>Mascagni</i>
High School Chorus	
Salutatory—Industrial Education.....	Sarah Taylor Rogers
Essay—Prison Reform.....	Euphemia Collins
Song—Auf Weidersehn.....	<i>Bailey</i>
High School Chorus	
Valedictory—Extent, Conditions, and Effects of Child Labor	
Samuel Friedlander	
Song—The Heavens Resound.....	<i>Beethoven</i>
High School Chorus	
Awarding Diplomas.	
Benediction.	

On the night of Friday, January 22, the June graduating class gave a most enjoyable entertainment in honor of the mid-year class. The guests, which included the faculty of the High School and the mid-year class were received by the June class at the Y. W. C. A. building, which was handsomely decorated with evergreens for the occasion. The affair was much enjoyed by all present. Ice cream, candies, cakes, and punch were served.

Athenean Literary Society

Three long months have been added to the great period of time since the public has heard from us through this magazine—three months in which we have labored hard and accomplished much. In this, the greatest period of intellectual progress the world has ever known, each individual must labor if he would succeed. If he would claim that distant goal as his; if he would crown those noble efforts with success, it is a settled fact that he must be a man of action; not an idle dreamer. The same can be applied to an organized society or club, but in any such society each member must let personal desires vanish and one central ambition concentrated on the betterment of his society. Each member must cheerfully undertake his duty, sacrificing pleasure and glorying in the credit it reflects upon the organization. This has been the guiding thought of each Athenean and is largely responsible for our continued success—the great ideals we have set for ourselves.

Our meetings have been held regularly every Friday evening in our hall and have always been largely attended. An interesting program is always arranged and it proves a

source of amusement as well as culture to those present. A marked feature of our work is the willing spirit with which the members respond to program duty, thereby making competition doublefold.

On December 15 a mock trial was given in the school auditorium by the society. This trial was held under the contest conducted by the publishers of *Everybody's Magazine*, and was based upon the facts given in "The Case of Jennie Bryce," familiar to those who read *Everybody's* during the latter part of 1912. Each member played a conspicuous part in this trial and made it one of the most interesting events ever held in the High School. Such, again, is the training accorded Atheneans.

On January 18 a preliminary debate was held in the school auditorium for the purpose of choosing two teams to represent the High School in the triangular debate of North Carolina. The debaters participating in this preliminary were: Charles Riddick and John V. Brookshire (Coopers), and Charles Tennant, Kendrick Coachman, Hamilton McDowell, Edwin Hartshorn, and William Keener (Atheneans). On the decision of the judges the two teams will be composed of Charles Riddick, Kendrick Coachman, Charles Tennant, and Hamilton McDowell, while Edwin Hartshorn and William Keener will act as alternates. Our society is proud of the showing we made, of being able to put five combatants into the arena and have three come forth victorious. Those who heard this debate can but realize the class of work we are doing and the results derived from such labor.

The mid-term election of officers was held November 15 and the following members were elected to guide us to still greater things: Hamilton McDowell, President; Edmond

Burdick, Vice-President; Clayton Beale, Secretary, and Daniel Loomis, Treasurer. These young men are filling their respective positions very ably and are doing much for the advancement of the society. They, along with all members, invite all boys of the High School interested in literary work to visit us, thereby learning the machinery with which our society is run. One look behind the scenes; one glance into the inner workings of the society, will convince you that the Athenæan Society needs you, and that it can well train you for the great work that lies before you.

WILLIAM T. KEENER.

Cooper Literary Society

The Cooper Society of the High School has been doing better work for the last three months than it did at the first of the year, on account of the fact that so many of its members finished the school in the June class. We have been having interesting and instructive meetings and have enlarged the membership about fifteen. At the last meeting we took in five new members who promise to make strong literary men.

In the recent debate of the High School to select the debaters for the coming triangle the Coopers were again successful in winning first place. Mr. Charles Oscar Riddick, of the '13 class, won this place with a unanimous vote from the judges. We expect this term to be one of the best in the history of the society.

JOHN VOORHEES BROOKSHIRE, '14.

Ottolanian Literary Society

The O. L. S. has again settled down to work after examinations, with bright prospects in store for the new year. Although "13" is considered unlucky by most people, we are going to cast aside the old superstition and make 1913 the luckiest and most prosperous year in the history of the society. And we feel that this can be done, since we have such a splendid staff of officers: President, Ella McLain; Vice-President, Helen Neely; Secretary and Treasurer, Agnes Petrie; Reporter, Mabel Cooper.

Our little band has done splendid work this last term, because there exists among our members a good comradeship which shows itself especially in the open meetings of the three societies, held every two months. At these meetings very interesting programs are prepared and are enjoyed by all who attend.

Through our adviser, Miss Kathleen Ware, and our honorary member, Miss O'Brien, the literary work during the past term has been of unusual interest and pleasure and has widened our mental horizon. It has consisted of essays, discussions, debates, original composition, and extemporaneous discussions.

Previous to this time we have had no special line of study, but beginning with this term we are going to study Southern writers and their works. We hope to gain a deeper insight into their lives, their thoughts and their feelings, as well as their literary talents.

Now we are to be thrown upon our own resources, since the graduates, who have been foremost in the society, have gone. We hope they will enjoy coming to visit us, as they

enjoyed our fellowship in it. We extend a cordial invitation to all students to meet with us and consider joining our society, and we wish also that more of the faculty would visit our rooms at our regular meetings on every Friday evening at 7:15, and help us in our efforts to live up to our motto, *Numquam non paratus*.

ANNIE E. TENNENT, '13.

Joke Department

The Asheville High School Minstrels gave a performance at the Canton High School, Canton, N. C., January 24th, when J. Y. Jordan bravely recited his original poem:

Oh, give to me the Canton girls,
They are so tall and savage;
And from their lips you get sweet sips
Of good corned beef and cabbage.

* * *

Mr. Londow (scanning in four B Latin): You see, I had to make that long to get my foot in.

* * *

These extracts are from accuracy test papers:

Pontius Pilate is a pilot on a ship.

Hague Peace Tribunal is a newspaper published in Holland.

Job (Bible character) was interpreted as a bit of work.

* * *

LeRoy Owens (Senior History Class): Miss Ware, can a man be tried after he commits suicide?

* * *

Miss B.: Arthur, use the word "moreover" in a sentence.

The boy studied a minute and answered:

"The man was more over on this side of the room than the other."

* * *

He sipped the nectar from her lips
As under the moon they sat;
And wondered if ever a man before
Had drunk from a mug like that.

An allegory, according to an answer given in a parallel reading test, is "a person that trusts in God and obeys His commandments."

* * *

Miss Atkins: James, do you want a demerit?

James W.: No, thank you, I'll take a ham sandwich.

* * *

Proud father, to college chum: Do you think he looks like me?

College chum, gazing on firstborn doubtfully: Yes, old chappy, I'm afraid he does.

* * *

The President of the Senior Class had ordered the class pins with the understanding that the class should receive them in ten days. Ten days passed but no pins. Two weeks passed but still no pins. Each morning following the class attacked the President with, "Aaron, have the pins come?"

At last the class grew desperate and took out a search and seizure warrant for the honorable President, and employed several lawyers and witnesses. Then we received the pins. The following is an "Ode of Thanks" written in behalf of the class by the "Spring Poetess":

An ode of thanks we render thee,
Oh! Aaron, son of liberty,
For those ill-fated pins for whence
We paid two dollars and twenty-five cents;
We thank thee from our hearts so deep
That thou didst give them us to keep;
For, indeed, we thought thou didst intend
To keep the money which we aid spend,
And buy for thyself some chewing gum,
Or e'en perhaps a sugar plum.
And for the fact thou gavest them us,
We thank thee double and three times plus.

The poem was scanned by "The Big Fat Gurr!" of the class and declared to be the composition of genius. Therefore it was dedicated to the President.

* * *

J. Y. Jordan makes it generally understood that he is in favor of woman suffrage. "Let them suffer," says he.

* * *

"What's your hurry, bossy?"

"Here comes the Prodigal Son."

THE IRISHMAN AND THE ARMY MULE.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what little incident he had laughed the most. "Well," said he, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule, which was kicking its legs pretty freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when in the excitement the Irishman, glaring at the animal, remarked: 'Well, begorra, if you're goin' to git on, I'll git off.'"—*Ex.*

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